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Mrs. Clinton Morrison
By George Fuller

A WESTERN ART CENTRE

THE impetus given to art in Minneapolis through the Institute of Arts and its Director, Joseph Breck, already has been spoken of in *THE LOTUS*. Mr. Breck having, as an assistant curator in the Metropolitan Museum, observed the "large" development of that institution, appears able to avoid the petty and the trivial in guiding the Institute forward.

A school building for the Institute classes is to be erected, by gift of Mrs. John R. Van Derlip and Mr. Angus W. Morrison as a memorial of Mrs. Clinton Morrison, whose notable portrait, by George Fuller, is exhibited at the Institute by Mr. and Mrs. Van Derlip. "The Conversion," by Gabriel Max, is one of a group of paintings which, with other works of art, have been donated by Mrs. Gustav Schwyzer, Mrs. Percy Hagerman and Mr. Horace Lowry, as a memorial to their mother, Mrs. Thomas Lowry.

From the Blakeslee sale in New York last spring the Institute bought four paintings which, though varying greatly in period and style, are all interesting and representative examples. They are Burne-Jones, "Psyche's Wedding;" Benjamin West, "Death on the Pale Horse;" Sir David Wilkie, "Columbus;" and Van Musscher, "The Concert." This last painting is by a Dutch artist of the seventeenth century who enjoyed a considerable popularity in his own time through his great ability as a portrait painter. It is said of him

that he knew not only how to secure a good likeness but also how to make his sitter appear more beautiful; an ability highly prized—even now—in a portrait painter. "With this talent it is not strange that he should have had all the work he wanted in an age when there were many social parvenus who had made much money in trade and who loved to deck themselves in soft raiment and have their portraits painted," writes Mr. Breck.

In the picture bought by the Institute is represented a richly dressed lady listening to a cello played by a foppish looking gentleman in a black coat. All the accessories of this group are of the richest. The lady's gown is of lustrous white satin enriched by a shawl of a beautiful sage-green. She is bedecked with jewels, especially pearls and tourmalines. The gentleman is equally richly dressed with neckcloth and sleeves trimmed with fine lace and a sash with a heavy fringe and edging of gold. On the coat are numerous small buttons of very fine workmanship.

This graphic description is by Mr. Breck. His assistant, Miss Margaret T. Jackson, writes the article, in the Institute bulletin, on the Burne-Jones picture. Miss Jackson says that among the many fascinating tales of Greek mythology, one of the sweetest and most humanly interesting is that of Psyche. Since the Institute's acquisition of "Psyche's Wedding," many inquiries as to the cause of the sadness



Psyche's Wedding, by Sir E. Burne-Jones

of the wedding procession have been made. The story is that a certain king had three very beautiful daughters. The youngest was by far the most beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that she received from men homage which was due to Venus herself. The anger of the goddess was aroused against her, and the maiden herself became unhappy because, in spite of her beauty, no one sought her in marriage. The King, her father, inquired from the Oracle of Apollo as to what should be done to remedy the situation. The story is told very graphically and in full detail in Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, from which Miss Jackson quotes the following extract:

“And Apollo answered him thus: ‘Let the damsel be placed on the top of a certain mountain, adorned as for the bed of marriage and of death. Look not for a son-in-law of mortal birth but for that evil serpent-thing by reason of whom even the gods tremble and the shades of Styx are afraid.’ So the King returned home and made known the oracle to his wife. For many days she

lamented, but at last the fulfillment of the divine precept is urgent upon her, and the company make ready to conduct the maiden to her deadly bridal. And now the nuptial torch gathers dark smoke and ashes, the pleasant sound of the pipe is changed into a cry, the marriage hymn concludes in a sorrowful wailing, below her yellow wedding veil, the bride shook away her tears; insomuch that the whole city was afflicted together at the ill-luck of the stricken household . . . she was silent, and with firm step went on her way, and they proceeded to the appointed place on a steep mountain and left there the maiden alone and took their way homeward dejectedly. The wretched parents in their close-shut house yielded themselves to perpetual night.”

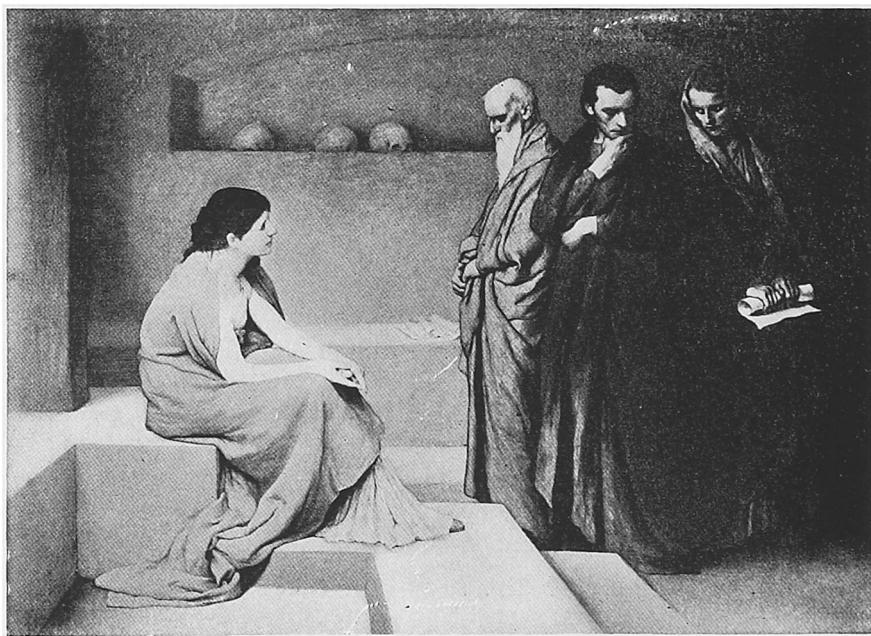
Psyche was, however, not left long alone upon the mountain, but was conducted by Zephyrus to a most lovely valley where a palace full of delights awaited her. She was attended by ministering spirits and waited upon in every way. At night, after dark, her husband came to her, but she never saw him for

he left the house before light in the morning. Curiosity and the insinuating remarks of her sisters led her to break her husband's command and to prepare a lamp to see whether he was really the vile monster that her sisters imagined, and a dagger with which to slay him should he prove to be so. She lighted the lamp and found, as we all know, that her husband was Cupid himself. In her emotion her hand trembled and a drop of burning oil fell upon his shoulder. Cupid awoke and rebuking her fled from the house to his mother, Venus. Psyche, broken hearted, wandered far and near and finally came humbly to Venus and begged to be forgiven. Venus, however, was not easily placated, and set her a series of tasks which she was enabled to accomplish by the assistance of her husband, who

loved her in spite of her faults. And, it was by his intervention with Jupiter himself that Psyche was finally received among the immortals and their wedding was properly solemnized amid heavenly pomp. Miss Jackson points out that the story is peculiarly modern, as so many Greek myths are, and proves "that it is not only the present day audience that requires a happy ending to all tales."

The figure alone in the center of the picture is Psyche, while the old man behind her is her father, bowed down with grief and age. Beside him walks the Queen, while the rest of the procession is made up of her two sisters and the maidens who attend her.

The picture belongs to Burne-Jones's later period, being dated 1895.



The Conversion, by Gabriel Max
(Lowry Memorial)